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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington, and Idaho—
Cloudy with possibly showers.

WEEK HENCE, HIGH NOON.

At high noon, on Wednesday next, the great fleet of American warships will be off the Columbia bar, northward bound for the Puget Sound ports. They will stay on the high seas and make no effort to cross the bar nor enter the great river that should have been open to them for hundreds of miles from its mouth. They will "sail on, and on," to the magnificent haven of the state of Washington and there move freely for scores of miles in all directions unimpeded and gratefully welcome; while we of this great valley gather on the forelands by the sea and watch them go by.

There is tremendous lesson in this discomfiting circumstance: A lesson that Astoria, Portland and every town in the Columbia valley must take to heart and profit by, to the certain and speedy development of the war and commercial channels of the Columbia river. The day has come when only the utter and widest expansion of the one great sea-arm Oregon possesses will serve to redeem her from the lethargic and hopeless paralysis that has dominated her through useless years. A lesson she will not forget in a hurry but which she should hurry to make good upon and show that she is not altogether a "back-number" in the Pacific group of States.

There will not be a loyal Oregonian on the coast-heights on next Wednesday whose face will not mantle with shame for the barriers that have been allowed to stand in the way of the flight of these superb ships of which he is a constitutional owner and which he cannot welcome within his own gates because of the accursed philandering and jealousies of the transportation companies that have controlled the commerce of Oregon for half a century aided and abetted by the sycophantic grovelling of the commanding commercial center of the State, to their whims and extravagances.

"Let the dead past bury its dead!" Let us forget the blunders and weaknesses that have wrought this thing; and turn our sense and strength to the upbuilding of the Columbia from its bar to the farthest channel that can be utilized. The good name of Oregon is in jeopardy for want of some such purpose and movement; and it is up to us to save it and make the future of the river all that we have failed to make it in the past. If we had done our common and commanding duty, the Columbia river would have been an irreproachable harbor 100 miles long, to the very mouth of the Willamette, and Portland's northern waterfront would now follow the lines of the greater river, rather than those of the lesser as at present.

PORT OF ASTORIA.

Chairman Wingate, of the committee in charge of the formulation of the Port of Astoria bill, originating with the Astoria Chamber of Commerce, has, with commendable frankness, told his colleagues of the reason this important measure has been allowed to lapse, namely, on the score of the opposition of the local attorneys associated with him in the work, to the framing and operation of any such bill whatever!

Mr. Wingate did the community a distinct favor when he made this report; he simply verified, honestly and unequivocally, what has been well known here for many a day; that there is interested and insidious contravention afoot in some of the largest matters of public concern to Astoria; that the home pride that should stand for her development along all lines, is given over to the extraneous and baffling agencies these men are re-

presenting here for so much per; that some men in this city are better friends to the outsider than they are to the home people and home concerns. And it is well to know this. It gives the people a chance to reduce the activities of these gentlemen to a minimum and to go farther for the aid and countenance that should be Astoria's in the doing of the real and helpful things her progress demands.

At least, this is the way it strikes the ordinary man of sense hereabout, and the matter is open for wholesome qualification, pretty pronto!

HOPE IS ETERNAL.

"I have long since abandoned the measured and proscribed prospect for this city and section, for the prospect fortuitous. Whatever comes to Astoria henceforth will come as a gift not as an achievement wrought of her own unity and design. It is too much to expect her people to merge on any one large and excellent thing; it is not of her quality; it must come through the happiest inadvertence, the largess of luck and the beneficence of some extraneous interest and agency; some other man's or town's opportunity. I have been driven to this conclusion, finally and inevitably. "With the whirl of a great commercial awakening in the Northwest she may yet come in to her own through the shrewdness of some friendly giant who realizes, at a glance, the potent facilities she offers for business and advancement; this is her only resource."

The foregoing is the substance of the talk put up by an ex-Astorian who still retains sharp interest in the city and county, and lately sojourning here. He speaks sorrowfully, with the honesty of resolute conviction born of thirty years of disappointment.

And the thoughtful Astorian will do the wisest thing of his life if he takes this old ex-citizens words for what they are worth and weighs them in the scale of his own greater or lesser experience. The time is ripe for a genuine awakening in this man's town. Hope is left us; and with this and the undisturbed natural advantages as eternal as that hope, we may rise to a unified, direct and successful program and field, that will annihilate such sad prophecies, deep founded and justifiable as their prophet may deem them.

EDITORIAL SALAD

The Sixth United States Infantry celebrated its 100th anniversary at a station in Montana a few days ago. Uncle Sam, like other young folks, will get over it in time.

A poor man can not deviate from regular hours of toil, regular hours of rest, and a regular life in general. Only the idle rich can afford to be eccentric and dissatisfied.

A Southern paper doubts if Senator Jeff Davis will ever be able to make a Tillman of himself. Mrs. Davis is getting many reminders that he has missed the way to the stars.

Senator Bailey has not driven his adversaries inside the party into the gulf, but he has kept his word that none of them shall go to Denver to represent Texas as delegates-at-large.

One of Mrs. Humphry Ward's lectures is on "The Peasant in Literature." In her book on America Mrs. Ward should insert this chapter: "There are no peasants in the United States."

Biliousness and Constipation.

For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation, which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed me. I lost my usual force and vitality. Pepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I do not know where I should have been today had I not tried Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. The tablets relieve the ill feeling at once, strengthen the digestive functions, purify the stomach, liver and blood, helping the system to do its work naturally.—Mrs. Rosa Potts Birmingham, Ala. These tablets are for sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

Bad Attack of Dysentery Cured.

"An honored citizen of this town was suffering from a severe attack of dysentery. He told a friend if he could obtain a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, he felt confident of being cured, he having used this remedy in the West. He was told that I kept it in stock and lost no time in obtaining it, and was promptly cured," says M. J. Leach, druggist, of Wolcott, Vt. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

VOORHEES AND MONEY.

The Famous Orator Was Genial, Generous and Careless.

A majority of congressmen are improvident and when they are compelled to leave Washington have only a sufficient surplus on hand to carry them home. It matters little how much these men make, the result is the same, for they live up to their revenue.

Among the many was Daniel W. Voorhees, so well known in his public career as a famous orator, a genial, generous, good fellow and boon companion. In money matters Voorhees was as simple and ignorant as a child. He parted with his money with no thought of its value. The middle of the month generally found him "broke," but this worried him little, for he managed to get along just as well until pay day. He ordered what he wanted and had it charged and then forgot all about it. The funny part of his nature was that, while he did not remember his creditors, he always kept in mind his friends and would give them the last cent he had if they applied for assistance.

One day an old constituent of Mr. Voorhees from the Wabash, in Indiana, called at the capitol to see the senator. Not finding him in, he went to the sergeant-at-arms, that position then being held by R. J. Bright, also from Indiana and an intimate friend of Mr. Voorhees. The old man told his story to Bright and the reason why he was in search of Voorhees. In effect it was that he was "hard up" and Voorhees owed him \$150 on a note and he needed the money badly and was there to collect it. Bright thought the story over and said:

"Now, my friend, if you go to Dan to collect this money he will not pay you a dollar. On the other hand, if you will go to him, tell him a hard luck story and put up a poor mouth he will raise and give you every dollar he can."

The man took his advice and, meeting Voorhees, told him what a bad fix he was in and his need of a little assistance. Voorhees affectionately put his arm over his shoulder and said: "William, I am very sorry for you, and I will help you all I can. Come with me to the clerk's office. I do not know whether I have any money there or not, but I will give you all I have."

The clerk informed the senator that there happened to be over \$200 to his credit. This surprised Voorhees, but he said, "Give it all to my friend here, as he is a long way from home and needs it more than I."

Mr. Voorhees devoted the last ten years of his life to the Congressional library. Until his death he took no interest in politics or anything else but the library, and to him more than to any one else is due the completion of the beautiful structure. He died poor and in debt.—O. O. Stanley in Success Magazine.



The Secret of the Wink Is out

It was too good to keep. Winks flew thick and fast about the grocers'. As a result all those sample packages of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes went in a hurry.

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